



GHOST

TRACKERS

NEWSLETTER

VOL. 7, NO. 3

OCTOBER 1988

GRS





Editors Page:

Welcome to another thick issue! We sure did have an extremely hot and dry summer in Chicago this year but the autumn is shaping up quite nicely for our annual bus tours. Excursions Into The Unknown will again be offering a variety of different and fascinating tours including several with the Stand-Up Buffet at a haunted restaurant. This years tour will be approximately 60% different from last years tour and will offer much new and unexplored material. You won't want to miss it this year!

Thanks to the following people for sending in their unusual pictures for analysis: Carole Vasquez, James McGrath, Leonard Zyskowski, Mary Cantrell, Chris & Terri Payne, Diane Bean, Edith Shaver, Wendy Greentaner, Ann Andrews and Marie Laddbush. The majority of these were due to an article that was published in The Sun during the week of August 9th. There were several interesting ones including a picture of some strange mist at Gettysburg Battlefield. Also thanks to Tom Perrott for his generous donations of books and clippings, Norma Edwards for her latest book "What You Should Know About Ghosts....But Were Afraid To Ask". (See advertisement, page 9). Also thanks go out to Antony Egan for his clippings.

We have recently picked up a number of new and used books that are just dieing to be added to your collection. Remember, as a member of the GRS, you can order books at a discount direct from me and we will search for free any book on the paranormal of even UFOs. Send for the updated book list now!

We need your clippings and articles for future editions of the newsletter. You will receive full credit for the clippings and if you write an article, you will receive that issue free. Get your typewriters going today!

## GHOST RESEARCH SOCIETY

We had a very busy summer in that we again traveled to England for two weeks taking in the South and West Country as well as six days in the heart of London. We visited such haunted locations as the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, haunted by the Grey Man, the Tower of London, Highgate Cemetery, and took a Bus Tour to Murder which included Jack the Ripper, Gangland London and haunted London. We toured Greenwich and the Cutty Sark and had a great time.

On our second part of the tour we toured such locations as: Bath, Wells, Glastonbury, St. Ives, Southampton, Portsmouth, Salisbury and much more. One major disappointment was that we arrived in the Stonehenge area during the Summer Solstice when the sun rises directly over the heel stone. The problem was that it was overrun by thousands of "hippies" and the police blocked off all roads leading to the monument. We may be running this same tour again next year, so, if you're interested, let me know.

Since our last issue, we have added 7 new members and have received renewals from 11 faithful members. Thanks! Because of prompt renewals from you the newsletter will continue without interruption.

The newsletter of the quarter is: Voices From Spirit. For information on this informative publication, write to: Spiritist Publications, PO Box 533506, Orlando, Fl., 32853-3506.

New contributing members include: Rev. Maria D'Andrea, Bob Barraco, and Paul Miller. Sustaining member are: Pamela Williams and Ralph M. Bird.

You will notice that we have expanded the length of the newsletter and have begun to print some How-to articles which many people have requested. If you are an expert in some of the paranormal, why not write an article for the publication. Maurice Schwalm's article is in the back of the newsletter and if you have been written up by a newspaper, send me a copy of the clipping and I'll use it in a future edition.

# THE MYSTERIES OF THE R.A.F. MUSEUM AT HENDON, LONDON

By

Tom Perrott

Some weeks prior to our Vigil at the above site, which had been planned to take place on Saturday evening and Sunday morning 19th to 20th March 1988, my friend Ron Russell, Leader of the Enfield Parapsychic Group, had asked me whether I would be willing to participate in such an operation. Always glad to have the opportunity of matching my own mental and physical powers against the forces of the Paranormal, I readily agreed.

Before proceeding with this account, it would be as well for me to set the scene in greater detail.

Hendon is a rapidly expanding suburb of London, situated in the Northwest of the Metropolis, and the present prestigious establishment, devoted to the displaying of the activities of the R.A.F. both in Peace and in War, has sprung from a much humbler beginning.

In 1909 an entirely unsuccessful monoplane was being housed in a field on this site and in 1910 a newly-qualified British Pilot Claude Grahame-White, carried out tests on other models here. In 1911 he started a Flying-school and having formed his own Aviation Company, began to hold aerial races and displays on the site. As early as May 1911 he had demonstrated to Parliament the possible military use of aircraft. The aerodrom continued to expand, with other Companies deciding to establish their own Aircraft-building factories there. On the outbreak of World War I, Hendon was designated as a Royal Naval Air Station. Flying instructions continued, and here many subsequent holders of the Victoria Cross were awarded their Wings. In 1925 the airfield was sold to the R.A.F. and it played an active part in housing many Fighter Squadrons during World War II. Gradually aircraft were moved to other stations as private housing areas were developed in the vicinity, until in November 1957, the last Squadron left and the airfield was finally closed.

The present Museum was established in 1963 and formally opened by H.M the Queen in 1972.

For some time stories have been circulating of inexplicable happenings having taken place. Women cleaners alleged that on occasions they had seen a figure watching them, and a pilot's face had appeared. Members of the Night Security Staff believed that they had several times heard voices, particularly around the Gallery by a reconstructed W.A.A.F. Nissen Hut. It is believed that the figure of a pilot clad in light blue overalls, which had been seen, could have been that of a pilot, who was killed in an accident at Hendon, while testing a plane.

In 1986 Ron Russell with a colleague carried out a preliminary reconnaissance, when they were able to personally interview several of the Staff. The then Head of Publicity at the Museum, Wing Commander W.G. Wood O.B.E. believed that the stories were fabricated and attributed them to tricks of light, and sounds which could often be amplified in the small hours of the morning. Group Captain Randall, Administration Officer of



the Museum, also now retired, said that he had often heard strange noises, and that a few years previously, there had been cases of glass, apparently cracking of its own accord. He believed that the Museum 'was an emotional sort of a place, where it was easy to let one's feelings run wild.' During this visit both Ron and his friend had a curious experience, in that while they were walking along the aforementioned Gallery, they both heard the sounds of whistling and could recognize the tune as being that of 'Good-bye Dolly Grey', a melody that was particularly popular during the Boer War and World War I. Needless to say there was nobody about at the time. In addition to these happenings, members of the Staff had also been conscious from time to time of encountering inexplicable 'cold spots'.

Accordingly the time for our Vigil arrived and those taking part included: Ron Russell (Chief Co-ordinator), Mark Lyus (Technician), John Fay (Video Maker), Jack Pleasant (Journalist), Paul and Angie Clark (Angie claimed to be a 'sensitive') and myself. On arrival at the Museum we were issued with our Procedure Instructions. There were to be three Observation Posts within the building, situated at the prime locations of known paranormal activity. It was agreed that any of the Observers, who were positioned in pairs throughout the building, could move from an individual point, provided that they had informed Base of their intention, thereby avoiding unannounced sounds being mistaken for psychic activity, as two sensitive radio microphones of the field type had been placed at two other points, separate from the main observers, in order to capture any activity outside of their areas. It was deemed essential that at all times, one observer should remain at each of the positions. In communication a colour code i.e. Red for Base, O.P. Green and O.P. Yellow, should be used for observation Posts.

We were dispersed in pairs throughout the building. Mark and Ron manned the Red Base Post. The Clarks were stationed at Green Base in the middle of the Aircraft Hall, while Jack and myself at Yellow Base, occupied the area by the Nissen Hut. John had the whole area of the Museum to range with his Video camera, but as it happened on this occasion, did not succeed in photographing anything unusual.

During the course of the Vigil the following incidents were alleged to have occurred.

At about 9:30 p.m. Angie felt as though she was struck firmly on the top of the head by a clenched gloved fist, while she was standing near to a Hawker Hart Biplane.

At about 10:00 p.m. Mark, while returning to the Base along the Upper Gallery, heard a loud bang, as if something had been thrown down. Despite an intensive search, nothing tangible was found.

At approximately 2:00 a.m. I drew Jack's attention to the fact that the cockpit of one of the Fighter Aircraft appeared to be lit up, and through the transparent cupola covering it, could clearly be discerned what appeared to be the silhouetted figure of a helmeted pilot's head. On closer investigation I found that the illumination was the reflection of the Museum's overhead lights and the dark silhouetter was the headrest behind

the pilot's seat.

At about 4:02 a.m. an apparent 'cold spot' was felt by the Clarks, accompanied by a tingling sensation, as of a galvanic current, which could be felt in the fingers.

Just as Mark and the Clarks had entered the Bomber Command Wing at about 4:20 a.m. a vivid flash of blue light was seen to cross the wall beyond a Lancaster Bomber. At the same time the atmosphere became distinctly colder and a small radio microphone succeeded in picking up the sound of a non-metallic object falling in the vicinity, followed a little later by a metallic crash. It would be as well to mention here that during the construction of the Museum, three building workers had fallen to their deaths by falling through the glass roof.

While Jack and the Clarks returned to their respective bases, Ron and I carried out a brief watch in the vicinity of the Halifax Bomber. It was then that Mark, who had been strolling around the Gallery, claimed that he saw a human figure, which appeared directly between a Typhoon and a Tempest aircraft, gliding across the kerb in the direction of a tubular maintenance gantry. He said that the figure, which soon disappeared, seemed to be stooping, was clad in black and seemed to be faceless.

The final two occurrences took place at 4:22 a.m. when a sudden metallic crash was heard by five members of the party. Shortly afterwards Mark, while walking near the Centre Stairs, believed that he felt a light tap, as if from a single finger, on the top of his head. At 4:32 a.m. there occurred one of the strangest manifestations of the whole vigil, in that all members of the party, with the exception of Ron and myself, who at that time were in a different part of the building, distinctly heard a very loud humanoid groan which appeared to come from the Entrance Area of the Aircraft Hall. There was no rational explanation for this.

There were no further happenings and we all departed at about 7:00 a.m.

What then are we to make of the night's occurrences? Were they the products of fertile imaginations, stimulated by the unnatural calm of the early hours, when spectres are believed to walk and every sound is accentuated, or were they in fact manifestations of the paranormal, materialising in our very presence? Whatever is the answer to the strange happenings, which undoubtedly took place during the hours of vigil, my psychic appetite has certainly been whetted, and I shall not be satisfied until I have had yet another opportunity, once and for all, to solve the mysteries of the R.A.F. Museum, Hendon.

Tom Perrott, 93 The Avenue, Muswell Hill, London N10 2QG, United Kingdom.



## TIPS ON SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY

By

Dale Kaczmarek

Spirit photography is a bit tricky and, at times, downright frustrating, however I hope these tips will better your chances of capturing something, of a paranormal nature, with your camera.

First of all, any camera at any given time can capture a ghost on film. We have examples on: 35MM, SX-70's, 110 Instamatics, Polaroid Instamatic Land cameras and even video tape recorders. However, a good 35MM SLR camera is by far your best bet since you can vary the ASA setting, shutter speed and exposure time. Infrared film even betters your chances still further since this type of film is very sensitive to a broad span of invisible light; much broader than the visible light that our naked eye picks up.

When I attempt to photograph ghosts, I always use two 35MM cameras. One loaded with black and white high-speed infrared film and the other loaded with ordinary black and white high-speed (ASA 400) print film. Then you can compare the two different prints when they are developed.

If the phenomena is of an invisible nature, then it will only appear on the infrared film; however, if it's a strange shadow, light reflection or flash bounce, then it should appear on both films. Therefore you can use the ordinary high-speed film as a control mechanism for verifying your own results!

For those who wish to try infrared film, I offer these tips. First of all, use only black and white infrared film and not color ektachrome. It's much easier to discern if you have captured something on film if you only have to deal with blacks, whites and greys. Besides that color ektachrome only comes in 36 exposures and is slide film and not everyone has a slide projector. It's also much easier to place the developed prints side by side for close-up examination.

Other tips are as follows:

1) Infrared film is very tricky to use and highly sensitive to heat and therefore it must be kept refrigerated before use. About one hour before loading, take out the film and allow it to warm to room temperature to prevent possible fogging of the film.

2) Since this type of film is highly sensitive to infrared light, it must be loaded and unloaded in TOTAL darkness, not subdued light. A pitch-black closet will do quite nicely, and while a photographic darkroom is even better, do not use a red safety light since it also gives off infrared radiation. Put the exposed roll back in the original film canister, tape it shut and mark properly for the film developers. If you are not going to have this developed immediately, place the exposed film back in the refrigerator. I also suggest not keeping the film

in the camera for more than a few days, but if this is not possible, place the entire camera in a cool location. A basement is often an ideal place.

3) Since infrared film has no set ASA (film speed), you must decide in which lighting conditions you intend to work. When shooting the film outdoors in bright sunlight, a setting of 100 ASA should be sufficient. However, if you intend to use it indoors or at night, then the setting should be at least 400 ASA. Be sure to inform the processor as to what ASA setting you have used so the film can be developed accordingly. DO NOT let anyone open the canister in the film store, (that's why you taped it shut!). It must be opened in TOTAL darkness, otherwise light will ruin the film and all photographs on the roll!! Also pay strict attention when you are purchasing the film. If the clerk does not take the film you intend to buy out of a refrigerator, DON'T BUY IT!!! It most likely has already been heat damaged.

4) Kodak recommends that black and white infrared film be used with a Number 25 red filter. This is only advisable under certain conditions. It is good to try a variety of filters and no filter at all since all filters restrict certain light and color spectra from reaching the emulsion layers of the film. And since we are attempting to photograph spirits, we don't know if they operate within these certain frequencies or spectrums. You still get varied responses but this is the best bet for capturing images on film that I have found.

5) Try not to use a flash when you photograph since this will only tend to give you strange light reflections and a flash bounce which might be mistaken for ghostly images. Use a steady tripod, cable release and time exposures. Doing all the above should provide you with much better photographs!

I hope these tips will be useful to you and if you are indeed lucky enough to capture something with your camera, remember the Ghost Research Society performs FREE analysis on all photographs submitted to them. All photographs will be returned within 2-4 weeks, if requested and all information will be held in the strictest of confidences! Good luck!

GHOST RESEARCH SOCIETY, PO Box 205, Oaklawn, Il., 60454-0205.  
(312)425-5163. c/o Dale Kaczmarek, President.

Additional books and magazines on the subject of spirit photography include:

Psychic Photography: Threshold of a New Science by Hans Holzer

Evidence For Spirit Photography by Dale Kaczmarek, (Pursuit Journal, Vol. 19, No. 1, 1986) PO Box 265, Little Silver, NJ. 07739-0265, (201)842-5229.


Handbook of Unusual Natural Phenomena by William R. Corliss,



(Sourcebook Projects), PO Box 107, Glen Arm, Md. 21057.

**Amazing Discoveries of Physical & Spiritual Life After Death** by  
Rod Edwards (PO Box 1720-A, Garden Grove, Ca. 92642).

**THE PATH OF ROODMAS**



Take the first step on your  
Journey To The Universe.

---

Walk the twisting paths of knowledge  
Learn to blend the Secrets of the  
Ancient Ones with the Arts of The New  
Age. Develop new Psychic Strength!!!!

---

**TO BE ONE WITH THE UNIVERSE, YOU MUST FIRST BE  
ONE WITH YOURSELF.**

Send \$1.00 for a sample copy of our monthly newsletter, The Path.  
**PATH OF ROODMAS-BOX 486-NEW HYDE PARK, NY 11040**



Denise Riccardo  
Spiritual Tarot Counselor  
What destiny of life and love  
awaits your wheel of fortune?  
Berwyn & North Riverside  
(312) 749-7697

PO Box 205  
Oak Lawn, IL 60454 - 0205

312 425-5163

**Excursions Into The Unknown**  
Legendary Tours Of Haunted Areas

DALE KACZMAREK



## PSYCHIC SELF-DEFENSE

By

Rev. Maria D'Andrea, Ms.D., D.D.

Any time you work with spirit, you need to know how to protect yourself. You always put a shield before you start dealing with anything on a psychic level, you are too open otherwise. You need psychic defense for various reasons. A psychic attack is the conscious or unintentional sending of negative vibrations or thoughts from one or more persons to another. Some who will be helped by this are: mystics, psychics, occultists, business people (from rivals), nurses. You need to fortify your aura, the energy field which surrounds your physical and astral body.

To put up your shield, you need to do the following, which is the strongest:

You should relax physically - picture yourself in the center of a white egg shape. Visualize it as starting a foot below your feet up to a foot above your head. You can start at either end. Now say, "I am now putting up Gods Shield of White Light of Love, Truth and Protection. Nothing negative or harmful can get in, only positive and good."

You are now protected from negativity, but you are open to positive opportunities. This will shield you from negative spirit, and tone down negativity from other people. The White Light will flow through your body and its vibration will strengthen your aura. You need to know this light will always be with you.

Visualize this for a few minutes. After a while, you will be able to put it up extremely fast. Notice how at peace you feel within this light. You can always have this feeling anytime or place. You only need to practice.

Rev. Maria D'Andrea, 52 Libby Ave., Hicksville, NY., 11801, (516)433-9118.

---

**NORMA EDWARDS WRITES** "What You Should Know About Ghosts ... But Were Afraid To Ask". A How-To book based on her true experiences. The author was helped by an entity in the writing of this material while living for seven years in an "occupied" house! Her paranormal experiences were fully investigated and documented as factual by the world renowned parapsychologist and psychic researcher, F.R. "Nick" Nocerino, who stated, 'Her home was one of the most activated houses he had researched in his 50 year career'. Order this highly intriguing hard cover book now! \$16.95 plus \$2.00 P&H. Diamond Publishing Co., P.O. Box 8580, Stockton, CA 95208. ISBN#944534-007 LC#87-072592.



## GHOST LIGHT ROAD UNMASKED

By

Milford Webster

Written for: Nu Atlantis BBS, Salisbury, MD (301-632-2671).  
Nu Atlantis BBS is 24 hrs., 7 days a week. 300/1200 baud

The legends, stories, and sightings surrounding Ghost Light Road began more than fifty years ago. Their beginning date is unknown. The stories and the legends are now a matter of history and a few recorded records. The references itemizing these interesting historical scraps are included within this narrative for those interested in pursuing further research. Let the story begin!

Paranormal investigator and writer Frank Edwards book *Strange World* (New York: Lyle Stuart, 1964), provides a classic Ghost Light Road encounter on pp. 80-81, entitled "Rendevous With A Light."

"Maryland State Trooper Bob Burkhardt drove on through the town of Hebron and swung off on a short cut which would take him and the Sergeant beside him, back to the main highway. It had been a dull, uneventful evening, the sort that makes police officers wary: for they always suspect the calm before the storm.

Jogging along on the side road at about twenty minutes until midnight, Burkhardt spotted a dim yellow light in the center of the highway a couple hundred yards ahead. He slowed down quickly; for this narrow country lane was a poor place to encounter some farmer with a lantern hanging on the back of a wagon. In seconds the light was only yards away. The trooper slammed on the brakes and slid to a halt in a cloud of sandy dust.

When the dust settled, the two troopers realized that the light was hovering; not more than twenty feet from their car, right in the glare of the headlights-just sitting there in mid air about five feet off the ground as though awaiting their next move. There was no wagon, no truck, nothing-just that glowing yellow ball of light.

Burkhardt started his engine again and pulled onto the road. The light zipped away from the car-a couple of hundred feet in a fraction of a second-then it stopped again. The troopers shot quick glances at each other. Burkhardt's partner drew his gun and rolled down the window. The car sped forward with lights on bright. The ball of light again bounded away from them. No matter how the troopers varied the speed of their car, the light easily maintained the same distance from them. Presently it just blinked out, and the shaken troopers sped down the highway.

Fearing ridicule, they made no official report that night on this phase of their experiences. But they quietly alerted some of their fellow officers and Burkhardt, along with five off-duty troopers, went to the same area the following night. They found the light waiting for them.

The stock attempt to dismiss the light as nothing more than an automobile headlight reflection as usual fails to account for the fact that the light was there long before automobiles."

The date of this above encounter is not given. It may have been during or about the year 1952, seemingly the "best year" for this particular ghost light. The Salisbury Daily Times, on July 10, 1952, p. 1, carried a report of Lt. C.C. Serman, Barracks Commander of the Maryland State Police, along with three other troopers, witnessing the light on July 9, 1952. Serman said "it had a shine like a neon light." Trooper Burkhardt, here again, described the light as being the size of a wash basin, height of an automobile light, and the color of a headlight. Burkhardt made a search of the wooded area as he thought it might have been a prankster but found nothing. This Daily Times article, "Spook Light Haunts Shore Roads", carried this description of the light: "....a weird ball of light which grows bright as an automobile headlight, then vanishes as one comes close to it."

The Daily Times of July 11, 1952, p. 1 reported a crowd of 200-300 people who went to Old Railroad Road (Ghost Light Road) to view the light in the article. "Crowd Try To See Mysterious Light." They must have been sorely disappointed for the mysterious light failed to appear. Another Daily Times article, "Life Photographer Seeks Ghost Light", p. 1, July 14, 1952, reported Life magazine photographer Albert Fenn coming to the Hebron area for pictures of the strange phenomena but that again, the light failed to appear. The Daily Times of July 16, 1952, p. 1, again featured the story, "Professor Believes Ghost Light Is Gas", in which a Johns Hopkins professor alleged the gas was being generated by decaying vegetable matter seeping to the surface and being moved around by a gust of wind. The professor stated: "It seems a shame to have state police out there all night trying to catch a little bag of gas." State police spokesmen were then advised not to comment further and to refer further inquiries to the State Police Barracks in Pikesville, Maryland.

Off and on thereafter there were continued reports and sightings. These seemed to have occurred until after the road was blacktopped when the light then ceased to appear. The Wicomico County Road Division records the road being tarred and chipped in 1953, widened and rebuilt in 1958, and blacktopped in 1974. It may have been that dust from the old, original dirt road was reflected in automobile headlights providing the "Ghost Light Road" illusion.

Local legend provides the following potentially paranormal explanations: 1) Years ago when the railroad was being built a man with a lantern was killed there and the light is his lantern, 2) A gambling dispute resulted in a murder in this wooded area and the ghost of the murdered gambler haunts the road, 3) A black man was hung in the woods and left to die and it's his spirit that looks for the "light of justice" and 4) A local man committed suicide by hanging himself in the nearby forest and his body was never found until many years later. Gas? Reflections from an old dirt road? Automobile headlights? Ghosts who met a violent end? Who knows?



The local press and news media still occasionally publicize the "Ghost Light Road", more properly named Old Railroad Road, near Hebron. "The Ghost Light Road Still Affects People Today", appeared in the Salisbury Advertisement, p. 1, October 26, 1977. A "Halloween Special", and "Ghost Light Road", were the subjects of a WBOC News Special on October 30, 1984. Interest continues to be piqued by the mysterious "ghost light" each October at Halloween and will probably continue to do so, at least until the mystery is put to rest and solved. Until then, "Ghost Light Road" will continue to shine!

Milford P. Webster, 804 Waverly, Salisbury, Md. 21801

## THE HAUNTED BOOKSHOP

By

W. Ritchie Benedict

### CLASS TO HUNT FOR GHOST - October 20, 1987

Calgary, Alberta (Canadian Press) - According to a recent article by Calgary Herald staff writer Bob Warwick, a group of University students has taken an interest in local haunted houses. Mark Reimers and some of his friends are searching for one, so they can spend the night in order to see who (or what) will turn up. "We'd love to meet a ghost", says Reimers, scholar in residence in the general studies faculty at the University of Calgary. Although Reimer's specialty is mathematics, he has been exploring the supernatural for more than 10 years. He is leading a class of 32 in the study of the subject, and they will not be scared off in their pursuit of it - even if it means purposely spending a night listening for things that go bump. It is believed that there have been about a dozen hauntings in the Calgary area that have been reported over the years. In the class, a third of the students do not believe in ghosts, while an equal third do, the remainder being undecided. A skeptic himself, Reimers, says he would be pleased to be persuaded otherwise. "If I'm able to shake hands with a ghost, you can be sure I'd have a lot of questions to ask. If there is another plane of existence, I would certainly like to talk to someone (some being) who knows about it." Not that he is suggesting anyone claiming to have seen a ghost is mad. "I think it is a signature of the subtleties of human perception rather than evidence of the supernatural", he says. "I'm not convinced ghosts have any objective existence outside of the minds of the people who see them," he adds.

Calgary psychic Mouneka Tremblay is not a skeptic. "It sometimes comes to you as a feeling, a chill or a warmth, or a mirage - an apparition." She says if someone would volunteer the use of their home it's very likely an experience could be arranged for Reimer's class. She says the soul becomes earthbound. "The body is gone, but the soul has not been able to adjust."

-----

### HOUSE OF BLOOD ATTRACTS WRITER - September 11, 1987

Atlanta (UPI) - Police investigators at a home where human blood reportedly oozed from a floor and was spattered on walls refused the help of a parapsychologist who wrote a book called Poltergeist. William George Roll, Jr., a parapsychologist from West Georgia College was accompanied by a reporter when he went to the home occupied by William and Minnie Winston. The owner, William Winston, 79, has begun to deny there was ever any blood in his house, claiming first the substance was red dye from a rug and later rusty water.

Rolle who wrote a 1972 book called Poltergeist that is not connected to the movie of the same name said he will keep trying for permission to enter the three-bedroom home occupied by the elderly couple for the past 22 years. Police were called to the



Winston home to investigate Mrs. Winston's report of blood coming from her bathroom floor. "There must be some sort of natural explanation for it", said Atlanta homicide detective Steve Cartwright. "Even though it sounds pretty mysterious right now, once we get the facts, it will be demystified." Cartwright said he found no bodies but discovered "copious amounts of blood" splattered on the walls and floors in at least five rooms of the house near downtown Atlanta.

-----

#### GHOSTS PAY OFF IN LAWSUIT - July 3, 1987

Houston, Texas (Reuters News Agency) - In a case reminiscent of the movie Poltergeist, a jury recommended a \$142,000 (U.S.) award for a couple who reported weird happenings at their home after they learned it was built over an abandoned cemetery. Sam and Judy Haney sought \$2 million in damages from their home builder, Purcell Corp., after they unearthed human remains while having a swimming pool installed in their back yard in 1983. The Haney's home was built in an area used in the early 1900's as a burial ground for poor blacks known as Black Hope Cemetery. Evidence in the trial indicated no burials had taken place since the 1940's and that no headstones or crosses were known to mark any of the graves. Sam Haney said he suffered stress-induced diabetes, and both he and his wife have undergone psychological counselling to cope with fear and anxiety.

During a week-long trial, jurors heard testimony about two graves on the Haney's lot and rumors that as many as 58 others were buried in the middle-class subdivision near Lake Houston.

Several neighbors said they had seen ghosts and peculiar apparitions on their own properties and said the Haney's had claimed to witness unexpected occurrences such as a television set that turned itself on.

The case recalled the movie "Poltergeist"; it which a suburban home built over a cemetery was destroyed by the spirits of the dead.

W. Ritchie Benedict, 12-401 Grier Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2K 3T8.

## OPINION POLLS

Chris Williams of Russells Point, Ohio comment, "I would like to see work or studies the GRS has done themselves with spirits and things the GRS has investigated. I know a lot of things that could help the newsletter out but I would have to go at it step by step. But so far you're going great for the newsletter!"

-----

Bob Barraco of Salem, Massachusetsts writes, "Having just read the June issue of the newsletter, I'd like to take the liberty of making some comments. Please know that I would love to see this newsletter succeed, and that all comments are purely constructive. First I'd like to address two little articles you put in from all those tabloids such as the Examiner, Enquirer. This completely throws any credibility out the window. Second, how about some stories of other places besides England! Personally I'm sitting on a gold mine of stories from my town of Salem, Mass. commonly known as the Witch City, famed for the Witch trials in the 1600's. This fall I am planning several ghost hunts here in Salem in hopes of collecting some more stories, which in the future I'd like to have published collectively. But in the meantime could I contribute any of my stories of this area?

Third, I'd like to discuss bringing GRS to a bit of a scientific standpoint. In the newsletter I find no scientific thought on ghosts. By scientific I'm also including psychology. I did see in that last article that featured you by the Examiner, that you were using infrared film. Perhaps in a future issue you can discuss its uses, where you can get it, etc. Also, how about some discussion on the many types of ghosts. Also, you can invite reader discussion and survey, such as personal feelings and theories of ghosts.

All in all I feel that with these kind of improvements, it can only generate easier communication of information, bring some credibility to a somewhat taboo subject, and not to mention increase membership."

Editors note: I only added the tabloid articles as space fillers and nothing more. This will not become a habit of the GRS. I have had several articles published in the various tabloids including a recent one in The Sun on spirit photography. The tabloids, for the most part, may be a pile of junk but that doesn't mean the subject of those articles or the researchers themselves are.

Secondly, yes, please do submit any articles for possible publication as I have begged for submissions in the past. Tom Perrott, our special overseas correspondent, writes a regular column in the newsletter and will continue to do so since it's nice to know what's happening overseas in England.



## BOOK REVIEWS

**Macabre Railway Stories**, Edited by: Ronald Holmes, (Published by: Cancoast Books Ltd., 90 Signet Drive, Unit 3, Weston, Ontario, M9L 1T5, Canada, 231 pages, \$4.50)

Here in Calgary, where I live, we have a brand new rapid transit station at the Zoo. Part of it is underground and it has fiberglass replicas of grizzly bears, a giant manmoth and dinosaurs. It is all quite innocent in the sunlight, but I imagine that if I was waiting for a train alone near midnight, it would be very eerie indeed. How much more sinister then are the crumbling Victorian relics you would find in out-of-the way locations in Britain?

This book is a compilation of sixteen short stories that range from a classic of Charles Dickens - "The Signalman" to the modern American science-fiction writer Harry Harrison and his contribution "The Last Train". As may be imagined from the title, the stories cover every facet of rail travel as well as the supernatural. Some tales are based more upon atmosphere such as "All Change" by John Edgell, where a schoolboy comes to regret catching his train, due to what is collecting the fare. Others go more for the jugular in the Stephen King tradition, as in a nasty case of retribution against two lovers in "The Tunnel" by Raymond Harvey.

"The Attic Express" concerns what happens when you have an overactive imagination and are reduced to doll-size on a model train lay-out. Two stories - "The Man Who Rode The Trains" and "The Woman in the Green Dress", are based upon a similar idea (that of a supernatural warning from the future), but are entirely different in their execution. We have friendly ghosts as in "The Engineer" where a dead man prevents his friend from causing a disaster, and malevolent ones as in "The Tale of the Gas-Light Ghost". There are some very peculiar passengers too, as with the corpse that walks away in "The Very Silent Traveller" by Paul Tabori.

If you prefer lighter more nostalgic mysterious events, there are at least two time-travel tales - one being the Harrison piece where a man finds himself back in 1941 on a train bound for certain catastrophe, and the other by Jack Finney - "The Third Level" where another traveller finds a level in Grand Central Station no knows about and goes back to 1894 (this would have been perfect for the Twilight Zone - new or old).

In "Take the Z Train", it is the train itself that is not supposed to exist, and this one doesn't end the way you think it is going to.

"The Garside Fell Disaster" will make you think twice the next time you take a train through the Rockies as something huge and monstrous removes two trainloads of passengers from the living. Finally the rail connection in "Midnight Express" by A. Noyes is more tenuous, involving as it does a book by that name. However, it ends up with a mirror within a mirror within a mirror conclusion that will astonish the reader.

I think that all the stories in this book are of a high literary quality as well as being entertaining. The oldest ones

illustrate that you did not need a lot of special effects to scare people 70 to 80 years ago, and they still maintain their impact. Plane travel, though it may be frightening to a lot of people does not have the same romantic aura that steam engines had. I think that this book is one that Sherlock Holmes and Arthur Conan Doyle would have liked. Sir Arthur was no mean hand at producing terror stories himself. If you have a railway buff in your family, this would make a perfect gift for him or her. Just don't give it when your friend is embarking on a night trip by rail. A real page-turner all the way!

Reviewed by: W. Ritchie Benedict.

-----  
The Haunted by Robert Curran, (St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY. 10010, ISBN: 0-312-01440-6, 1988, 260 pages, \$16.95, hardcover)

The terrifying story of the demon-infested house in West Pittson, Pennsylvania and Jack and Janet Smurl and their family who endured it. As the cover says, "the harrowing true story of demonic attack and intimidation". This is the authors first book but he has been a news reporter for over 20 years and was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize in 1985.

While I know that much of what was described in the book to be very possible, I still find some of it a bit too much to swallow even though Ed and Lorraine Warren were the principal investigators called in by the Smurls.

A bit too "Amityville-ish" but surely terrifying and not one you will likely put down until finished. Rated 6 out of 10.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

CLASSIFIED

Vortex: Journal of Anomalies and Oddities. \$2.00 cash free-will donation defrays cost. Vortex, PO Box 691331, Tulsa, Ok. 74169-1331.

For out of print and unusual books on ghosts, you should be on our mailing list. Excalibur Books, Rivenoak, 1, Hillside Gardens, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 2SJ Northern Ireland. Wants lists welcome. Dollar checks accepted.

PSYCHIC PRESS newspaper entertains as it teaches. Yearly subscription \$8.00, Box 1745, Jensen Beach, Fl., 34958-1745. Also, Single's Registry for Metaphysically minded. For application send SASE - Box 1745, Jensen Beach, Fl., 34958-1745.

Free newsletter and list of used books for sale. Occult, metaphysical, religious and related subjects. Send long (#10 legal size) SASE to: Antony Egan, Apt. 17F, 612 E. 14th St., New York, NY. 10009.

AMERICAN FORUM - A reader written newsletter for the opinionated. Also new publication entitled TLC International. Write for subscription rates to: American Forum, PO Box 261, Staten Island, NY. 10302.

MARFA MYSTERY LIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS available in full color with description of conditions and Texas inlay. 4x5's for \$6.00, 8x10's for \$11.00 each (larger formats available on request). Price includes first class postage, packaging and handling charges. James Crocker, 9552 Brewster, Dallas, Tx. 75227.

JOIN PSYCHIC/OCCULT Friendship Club! Meet others who share your interests in the world of Psychics, the Occult, UFO's and more. FREE monthly newsletter to members. Info - 50 cents. Gnostic Times, RD#1, B75-C (GR), Port Crane, NY. 13833.

Donations to Felix the fire dog-hero should be mailed to: Felix Memorial Fund, Company 25, 10705 Roberts Rd., Palos Hills, Il., 60465.

SOURCEFINDER - NEWLY RELEASED! Newsletter features valuable resources nationwide, discounted books, articles, reviews. Emphasis on peace and harmony among all groups/sects. Lists events of the South; \$6.75 yearly. Order now from PO Box 6232-G, Augusta, Ga. 30906.

PSYCHIC PATHWAYS is a newsletter published every two months that is picked up and read specifically for the advertising, offers news and features that cannot be found in any other publication and reaches a diverse and influential readership, people who are concerned with the quality of life and are knowledgeable consumers. For further information and subscription rates contact: Psychic Pathways, PO Box 418, Woodmere, NY. 11598.



-----  
SUBSCRIBE TO "VOICES FROM SPIRIT MAGAZINE". Articles on Wicca,  
Spiritualism, Spiritism and other subjects. \$4.00-6 issues, 1  
year. Bi-monthly. For a sample copy send a #10 envelope with  
25 cents postage attached, and your address to: VOICES, PO Box  
533506, Orlando, Fl., 32853-3506.  
-----

Handcrafted New Age Tools and art. Catalogue and sample Rune  
Glyph \$2.50. Annwyn Tradesman, PO Box 321, Atco, NJ. 08004.  
-----

COSMIC NEWS - A New Age publication featuring the Metaphysical  
Ministry of William Alexander Oribello. Subscription rate  
\$10.00 per year. Write to: William Alexander Oribello, PO Box  
40083, Philadelphia, Pa., 19106.  
-----

# THE PHANTOM OF SAUER CASTLE

Come in.  
Relax.  
And get ready for a  
spiritual experience.

By John Hughes

## The Sauer Castle is

one creepy hunk of Kansas City, Kansas, property. You've seen its foreboding gateway in every cheap horror flick Hollywood ever ran through a projector. On this September afternoon the grounds were made no less prohibitive by a large brown/black German shepherd, the unofficial greeter on the property where four people are said to have died and where for 30 years, as legend has it, a known hermit shot at trespassers from the massive doorway.

A limestone head of Hera, Greek goddess of good fortune, smiles above the door's arch, but the Sauer Castle hasn't seen much good fortune in a while. A man and a child are said to have died there of natural causes within a month of each other. Another man died of causes that occur when you wrap a belt around your windpipe and hang ten from a door frame. A 5-year-old supposedly dived in the pool and never came out. Some psychics who visited there recently believe a doctor shot himself in the mansion's tower. They said they sensed a medicinal smell.

That the 116-year-old house stands at all is a testament to buildings the way they don't make them anymore. That it is said to be haunted comes as no surprise.

I invited trouble. Trouble wasn't borne. Cindy Jones was, and she's seen plenty of it. So she says.

"I've been terrified, and most of the time it's during the day," she said. "My father-in-law laughs at me, but he has to admit that he's had experiences he can't explain. I can feel it, but I keep wondering if it's just in my head."

Cindy Jones descended the long staircase of the Sauer Castle, dressed in a flowing pink dress that swooped to her ankles from beneath her equally flowing strawberry blonde hair. She looked very much like a person who would lead tours of such a building, which is what she has done since her family bought the property last January.



Maurice Schwalm

She sat to begin her story in what was the house library, and when she crossed her legs, the cuff of blue jeans beneath the gown poked from above black Victorian-style boots.

It is the room where the unnatural, the unexplainable, first dropped in the form of a crusty newspaper clipping into the lives of Sauer Castle's new owners.

"My girlfriend asked to have her wedding here, last February," Jones said. Much had to be done to the room to make it suitable for such an occasion. The bride-to-be wanted to be married on Feb. 14.

On a visit to the family graveyard, Jones discovered that one of the previous occupants, Josephine Sauer Kenny, had died on Feb. 14, 1967—20 years to the date of her friend's wedding.

"There were about 10 of us in here working. We were all wear-

ing masks to keep from breathing the dust, and we had all the windows open," Jones said. "My father-in-law was using a crowbar to tear out the ceiling. The whole room was covered in dust."

"I was in the middle of shoveling debris, when something fell from the ceiling. Here's what it was," she said, now pointing to a newspaper clipping, which looks to be about 20 years old and is a photograph of a woman in a wedding gown.

While Jones is relating this story, the fireplace cover rattles furiously. In unison, we stare at the cast-iron cover.

"I've never heard it make that noise before," she said. We agree that it must be the wind (which does happen to be blowing at about 15 m.p.h.).

Now Jones is talking about the day that she woke up with the notion of going to the graveyard to take pictures of the Sauer family plot. It is May 1. She arrives at the cemetery to discover that one of the Sauers, the first occupants of this mansion—a replica of a home on the Rhine—had died on May 1.

"Too many coincidences aren't coincidences after a while," Jones said.

Now we're walking toward the tower of the massive building, from which is afforded a glorious view of both Kansas Cities and the river that separates them. On the attic level, Jones stops to recall her most frightening experience yet.

"I figure I'm kind of vulnerable, staying out here a lot by myself, so I always carry a .22 derringer in my pocket," she said, slapping her right dress-and-jeans-covered hip. She and her husband, Cliff, bought the home with her father-in-law, Bud Wyman, although no one lives there regularly.

"Well this one day I got here and realized I'd forgotten my derringer, so I asked Cliff to go back to the house and get it for me."

No sooner had Cliff left than from the attic came a noise that Cindy Jones cannot explain, but was such that she froze on the landing.

"I was so terrified that I froze dead still and stayed there all the time Cliff was gone back to the house, which is a mile and a half away," she said. "I didn't have my derringer, or I might have come on in [to the attic]. But I was scared. When he got here, we opened the door and there was nothing there, but I definitely heard noise coming from there."

Once the Joneses put out a sound-activated tape recorder and picked up an unexplained melodic "Ooo-Ooo," which Cindy mimics as we gaze from the tower. Her reproduction is an eerie noise, sufficient for sake of demonstration, since some kids erased the original, she said.

Late at night, especially during the weekend, people drive up to the Sauer Castle and yell from their cars to Cindy Jones: "Do you live here? Are you a witch?"

The location has been a favorite of psychics, especially since it was opened to the public after 33 years of being closely guarded by previous owner Paul Berry, who died last year.

(According to Jones, Berry was arrested once because he wired a shotgun to the back door and almost blew away a meter reader. In the neighborhood, she says, he was widely known for shooting at anybody who dared go beyond the imposing front fence.)

Psychics have a field day in the Sauer Castle, and have told the Joneses that the attic is the center of paranormal activity.

Maurice Schwalm is convinced that a photo he took of the building clearly reveals a haunting. In fact, what it shows is a scratch of light over the doorway and another over an upstairs bedroom. Proof enough for a psychic. Bad photography for a skeptic.

continued after pullout



## GHOSTS

Schwalm has a carousel full of such photographic slides, each documenting careful, if pseudoscientific, research into things that go bump in the dark.

He has pictures of the Johnson County Executive Airport, of Epperson House at the University of Missouri-Kansas City, of the Coates House Hotel, of private residences, of the Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, of the Jesse James farm, of seances.

He doesn't ask that you believe his evidence, but there's no question that he does. And he's delighted to talk about it, especially if it means getting his name in the newspaper, and even more so if the same mention includes a reference to his yet-to-be-released book *The Ghosts of Mid-America*.

Asked if he's ever had the unprintable scared out of him on one of his hunts, Schwalm calmly says, "I'm detached from it the same way I would be from an insurance investigation. These are just the facts."

He said he never charges for his service, that it is "strictly a labor of love."

"I don't know that it has to be taken seriously," Schwalm says. "It's an area in which it's anybody's guess. These just happen to be mine."

Schwalm answers the door to his midtown home amidst a chorus from yelping dogs in a pen nearby. He's no stranger to print, when it comes to ghost stories, and a colleague described him as "an unusual man," as if being "unusual" were unusual for a man who is a psychic investigator.

He is wearing jeans, a western shirt, thick

socks and wool-lined moccasins on this day in the mid-70s. He is never without a cigarette, encased in a filter that protrudes upward under smoke-tinted glasses and a mop of unruly grayish brown hair. His voice is like a 45 record played at 33 speed.

He has taken a day off work as an insurance investigator to showcase the results of his investigations. He is a man of letters, having been published in *Psychoenergetics Journal* as well as *Fate* magazine.

The light from the slide projector casts an appropriately shadowy tone on Schwalm as he clicks the carousel to his finest work, a study of the Spanish Chapel at the Nelson.

Over what should be photos of the various displays in that medieval exhibit are swirls and lines of light that Schwalm says "just shouldn't be there," which is his explanation of many of his photos.

If a child took the photos, you could blame the results on shaky hands. But to the paranormally inclined those streams of light represent spiritual activity that conclusively marks the Spanish Chapel as a motherlode of ghosts.

Schwalm says he's had calls from night-shift guards who've run from the room after having encountered unexplained locks having been turned, the sound of rustling armor and one incident involving a nun whose face was wrapped in a black shroud.

In 1979, Schwalm and a group of psychics conducted an investigation in the Spanish Chapel and concluded, among other things, that a ghost named Dylan, a Catholic priest or monk, was the headless honcho and that he planned a future gathering of his pals in the chapel. No one could determine how soon



PHOTOGRAPH: ROY INMAN

## And now, a few skeptical words from Sam Gill, Fun-Buster

**SAM GILL WOULD REALLY LIKE TO BELIEVE IN** ghosts. But even if he saw one of his many Civil War volumes do a swan dive into the middle of his Kansas City living room, even if lights flickered, doors banged and green slime cascaded down the walls, doubting Sam would want more proof.

"When I was a kid, I used to believe all this stuff about ghosts," Gill said. "I mean, it was in print, so it must be true. But if all this were true, there would be big changes in the way we look at the world."

Sam Gill looks at the world through the iron veil of unimpeachable logic. He teaches other people how to have the same vision, in a course called "Unsolved Mysteries and Unexplained Phenomenon" offered at Johnson County Community College. He is also a member of the Show Me Skeptical Society and writes for the *Skeptical Inquirer*. Other than that, he works for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and he isn't nearly as cranky as he might sound.

"An open mind is willing to change under the impact of new evidence," Gill said, adding that he's seen photographs like the ones psychic Maurice Schwalm has produced and considers such "proof" neither effective nor new.

"Everybody's got their pet scheme," Gill said. "Most [paranormal evidence] is not based on repeatable scientific research, the way most science is. People who consider that as evidence have abandoned their critical judgment. It is real hard to distinguish between good evidence and wishful thinking."

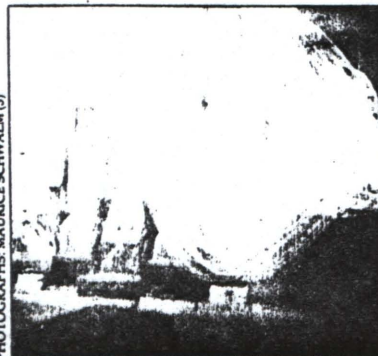
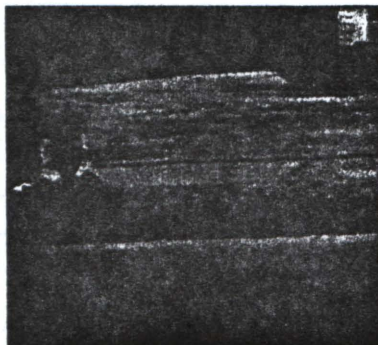
Gill doesn't take much stock in the methods of psychic investigators, no matter how many rolls of film mysteriously develop to show images of the ungrateful dead vaporizing their way down Victorian staircases. He would really like to accompany a group of psychics on one of their investigations, but it seems he never gets asked.

"They want to assume the trappings and prestige of science, without the critical judgment," Gill said. "They're saying that these things can be studied scientifically, and that's baloney. If this is a scientific proposition, would we also theorize that your car is possessed because it makes a strange noise?"

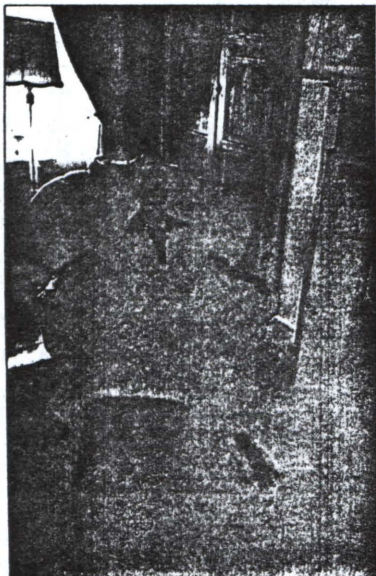
"To make a critical judgment, you must ask yourself, 'Why do I believe what I believe; what is the evidence in favor of it; and is that evidence any good?'"

"The burden of proof is on the claimant, and extraordinary claims require extraordinary proof. But for most people who are true believers in the paranormal, it's like a religion. It's a faith, and reason isn't a consideration."

—John Hughes



PHOTOGRAPHS: MAURICE SCHWALM (3)



According to Maurice Schwalm, these photos show (clockwise from left) a spirit in the Spanish Chapel; a woman (left foreground) who wasn't present when the picture was taken; "the transformation effect," in which a spirit shows itself where a person was seated.



## GHOSTS

it might take place, as it's a little hard to pin down dates when you're dealing with a being who checked out in the 18th century.

A former curator of the room wouldn't comment about Schwalm's claims, and the Nelson's director, Marc Wilson, said that "I vaguely, vaguely, remember some self-acclaimed something or other claiming that he'd had a paranormal whatever they call it. It's not a hot topic of conversation around here."

Schwalm is also convinced that the Bent-Ward House, 1032 W. 55th, has an unseen guest or two. Again he refers to a slide, taken in 1985 when the house was the Designers' Showhouse of the year, a benefit for the Kansas City Symphony.

Of the investigation, Schwalm wrote: "On 5-26-85, the writer made a photographic survey of the house and grounds. A significant SX-70 Polaroid photograph was obtained in the southwest bedroom on the second floor of the brick Federalist structure which seems to show a bearded frontiersman peering in the window."

The slide he calls attention to shows a bedroom fireplace

and a window to the left. Schwalm swears there's a face in the window, belonging to Seth Ward, who lived in the house in the mid-1800s. If Schwalm is right, Seth Ward looked an awful lot like a tree branch.

Nonetheless, J. Nelson Happy, who owned the house at the time the picture was taken, was called in New York for comment. Said Happy, to whom Schwalm had sent a copy of the photo: "He was convinced that he'd seen a ghost in the window, but I couldn't see it. Maybe to somebody who's experienced in paranormal activity, it means something, but to me it didn't mean a thing."

"I frankly have never seen anything that was reminiscent of a ghost there. Although I guess if you were a ghost, it'd be the perfect place to hang out."

Some folks get a little upset at the suggestion that Loula Long Combs may still ride her hackney on the pristine grounds of Longview Farm, as she had done at many horse shows before her death in 1971.

The kids at Longview Community College aren't convinced that she's gone. Neither, of course, is Schwalm, who raised the issue on a radio show, and raised the ire of some of Mrs. Combs' friends at the same time.

"I was not pleased with the way [Schwalm] used the information," said Joe Sysel, manager at Longview. "I felt like he was using it to make a story for himself."

Yet even Sysel isn't totally disbelieving of the college kids' claim that the ghost of a woman riding a hackney has been seen passing through the farm's gates and into the nearby chapel courtyard.

"I think it might have happened," Sysel said. "Longview Farm has a very special sense to it. People come on these grounds and sense something very peaceful. We call it Longview Fever."

The Fever struck especially strong in April of this year when the house was the 1987 Designers' Showhouse. According to Sysel, "Loula's bed had to be remade every morning."

Only Sysel lived in the spacious dwelling at the time, and "I wouldn't have the time or the inclination to do that sort of thing [play a ghostly prank on the Junior Women's Symphony Alliance, which sponsored the showhouse]."

He was asked if he believes in ghosts.

"I believe in Loula Long Combs," Sysel said, "and if I had lived here 70 years of my life, I wouldn't want to leave either."

Caretakers have reported barn doors slamming when no wind was blowing, and Sysel said one painter heard the clip clop of a horse leaving the portico and entering the sunken garden.

"This guy was a football player," Sysel said, "and it really freaked him. Every time something spiritual happens here, I say, 'Thank God they're still watching over us.'"

One of Schwalm's photos shows what appears to be an empty barn at Longview, although a closer look reveals two smoky blue cylindrical objects in the foreground. It could be shadows from windows at the barn's opposite end. If so, they didn't show up in other photos taken on the same spot. Hackney wheels, says Schwalm, who also said the barn door slammed shut behind him on that windless day.

"I think it's possible that she even knew I was there to write an article and wanted to create an awareness," Schwalm said. "There's nothing too exciting about it, but those blue lights aren't supposed to be there."

But where's Loula? Where's the horse? Where, for heaven's sake, are the shriveled figures in bed sheets that a person would hope to see when looking at pictures of ghosts?

"A head-on confrontation with a ghost that says 'Howdy Doody' and shakes your hand is the rarest thing in the world," Schwalm said. "They deal in the symbolic rather than the literal, because of their altered state of consciousness."

Everybody loves a good ghost story, which is why, against minimal evidence and sparsely documented hearsay, legends persist. The Epperson House at UMKC is haunted, you know. So was the old UMKC Playhouse, and the Downtown building that used to be the Gillis Opera House. Ghosts danced on the stage at the old Loretto School, and at the Johnson County airport, where whispers and unlocked doors are reported, the "Legend of the Old Commuter" persists.

## GHOSTS

were riding through the South, and I said, 'Mother, do you think a dogwood could survive the Missouri winters?'

"It was such an insignificant conversation that I'd forgotten it, and there's no way anyone else could have known about that conversation."

The friend who stayed with Maggie during the day heard a noise in the garage while Maggie was out of town. The friend went to investigate and found the car running, doors locked, no key in the ignition.

Maggie said she kept trying to put things out of her mind, or dismiss them as coincidence. Such things as a book lifting off a shelf and landing loudly several feet from where it had been shelved. At night her dog would rise in bed and watch an unseen object pass across the room.

A 3-year-old answered the phone in the house when it rang one day and carried on a conversation. When another adult asked whom she was talking to the child said it was Maggie's mom. When the adult grabbed the phone, the line was dead.

Doorknobs turned and no one was behind them. A friend saw a woman standing in the hall looking at herself in the mirror.

Maggie smelled groceries in the kitchen on the day of the week that her mother had always gone to the supermarket. A cousin visiting her heard someone faintly saying, "Help me. Help me."

"At that point I called Maurice Schwalm and said I've heard you know how to rid a house, or at least maybe you could tell me what's going on," Maggie said.

Schwalm and a group of psychics went to the house and "did whatever it is they do," Maggie said, "but they didn't find anything, except one of the psychics saw a vision of my grandmother—a very bitter, hateful woman."

After the group had left, Maggie and two other people were in the kitchen, talking about what the psychics had done.

"All of a sudden we heard a boom inside the house, as if someone had jumped off the mantel," Maggie said. "The whole house shook, and within a minute it happened again."

"I got on the phone to Maurice and said, 'What the heck's going on here?' And he said, 'Your house is definitely occupied and we've made them angry.'"

That's when Maggie decided it was time to get out.

A few months after the house was sold, she asked the new owners whether anything unusual had occurred. They said nothing had happened, so she told them why she had decided to sell the house.

"I think they thought I had an overactive imagination," Maggie said.

A month later, she got a late-night call from the new owners. "What's the name of that group that you called in?" they asked.

"I'm a Christian, and I believe that whatever happens, happens for a reason," Maggie said. "I used to be one of the last great skeptics. But after what I went through, I know that there's something else going on that we can't see, won't see."

"Your head will lie to you, but your gut won't."

John Hughes is a local free-lance writer.

## GHOSTS

At the Muehlebach Hotel, "Mrs. M" used to fling trays of hotdogs to the floor, swing the refrigerator door and seat herself in Barney A's restaurant.

"Not as many people are interested in getting rid of ghosts as you might think," Schwalm said. "They regard them as pets and usually ask to not do anything to disturb them."

Why, in some cases they're practically status symbols, since, certainly, not everybody has one. They're something to blantly believe in when everything else in life—from cashing a check to submitting a resume—demands proof. You know, just fun.

But not for Maggie Lewis, who didn't chuckle once while recalling her experience. She has nothing to sell, no tours to give. She has no interest in being identified with her story, which is why "Maggie Lewis" is used here in place of her real name, that of a prominent Kansas City family.

Maggie left—was driven from—the home she grew up in by strange and unsettling circumstances that occurred following her father's death and her mother's subsequent suicide.

She was holding her father's hand when he died, she said, and she was the one to find her mother's body after her mother locked herself in the garage with the car engine running.

Although she didn't mention the hauntings to prospective buyers, Maggie had trouble selling the house, in a well-to-do section of town. When it finally sold, the papers were signed on the anniversary of her mother's death.

What occurred before she sold the house so shook Maggie that she had to undergo surgery for an illness related to stress.

"This was very real," Maggie said. "There was nothing mythological about it."

Many mysterious events occurred, but none more fantastic than what took place a few days after her mother died.

"I had two friends staying with me, one in the day, and one at night," Maggie recalled. "Neither had ever been exposed to supernatural things. Both are professional people. They are not alcoholics, and they don't use drugs."

"One of my friends was in the master bedroom [while Maggie was out of the house] studying and said she felt very lonely. She said she looked up and saw both my parents lying on the bed. This person had never seen my parents, yet she described them and what they were wearing, to the 'T'."

"She said, 'I had a conversation with them.' And I said, 'Excuse me?' She said they said, speaking of me, 'We want her.'"

"I said, I think you're being oversympathetic, or perhaps letting your imagination be a little too active."

Then the friend said, "They told me to give you this," and she handed Maggie a white dogwood sapling wrapped in orange paper. The friend had gone out to buy it while Maggie was still gone. "They said it had to be a white dogwood, for purity, and if you planted it, it would live."

Maggie continued, "That's when I remembered a conversation I'd had in the car with my mother, a few days before she died. We